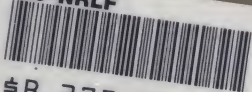


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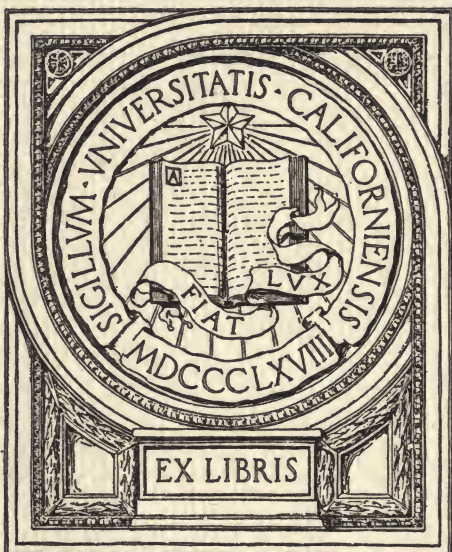
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Buttered
TOASTS

Fred Emerson
BROOKS

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BUTTERED TOASTS

By the same author

OLD ACE AND OTHER POEMS
PICKETT'S CHARGE AND OTHER POEMS

Buttered Toasts

By
FRED EMERSON BROOKS



CHICAGO
Forbes & Company
1913

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BUTTERED TOASTS

THE WINE OF LOVE

Here's to life, and to love, and the blush of the
vine:—

And a sweet woman's life is the wine we
approve;

For we live in our love with our lips to the
wine:—

'Tis the wine in the lips of the woman we
love.

BUTTERED TOASTS

THE MAN OF LABOR

Here's to the man of labor :

Bare arm or jewelled sleeve—

Who loves his Adam neighbor,

But not his Adam's Eve.

LOVE IS UNIVERSAL

Here's to love that's universal: as the little
love-god knows,

'Tis the fragrance and the color and the dew-
drop on the rose!

'Tis the blushing of Aurora as she rises partly
dressed;

And the day-god's benediction as he lures the
world to rest;

'Tis the essence of ambition and the motive
power of life;

'Tis the eagle cry of battle and the peace dove
after strife;

It surrounds the little baby and the monarch
on the throne;

BUTTERED TOASTS

And the wife who waits in patience and the
widow left alone;

Every mortal is a lover and he toils and builds
and schemes

All his life to give expression to the boundless
love he dreams;

While the love of youth and maiden is a
tender, blushing trace

Of that love Eternal waiting the redemption
of the race.

BUTTERED TOASTS

THE PRETTIEST GIRL I KNOW

Good health to the prettiest girl I know!

Perhaps you know another—

The best in the world's great beauty show;

She's angel-bred from top to toe—

The girl who helps her mother!

BUTTERED TOASTS

THE SAMPLE HUSBAND

I toast the man whose happy wife
 Holds him the sample of good men,
And would, were she in single life,
 Delight to marry him again.

BUTTERED TOASTS

THE MOTHER

I toast the mother with the hallowed features:
Most blessed one of all created creatures:
Her graces lure the husband to succeed
And keep the home and purify the breed.

What man achieves he owes to woman's care:
A sweet wife's love or saintly mother's prayer,
Heaven bars one sin, with no alternative,
But there's no sin a mother won't forgive!

THE MAN WHO IS GOOD TO HIS
MOTHER

A toast to the girl who marries
 A man of good repute:
And one to the girl who tarries
 Till she find a man to suit.
Comparing one man with another,
 You'll find this maxim true:—
The man who is good to his mother
 Will always be good to you!

BUTTERED TOASTS

THE ONE WHO LOVES US BEST

Here's to the one who loves us best:
Who comes the first in every thought;
Deserving more than all the rest—
For not a heart-throb in her breast
Can ere be turned aside or bought.

BUTTERED TOASTS

THE GENTLEMAN

In a toast to good manners we lift high the
glass!

They are proof of the gentleman—marking his
class!

Every man should be gentle, and kindly and
sweet;

Never treat with disdain anyone he may meet!

He's a cad who grows vain over wealth he
inherits;

Pray how much would he have if he got what
he merits?

Give us each a reflector for peering inside,
We would soon smash the mirror and smother
our pride.

BUTTERED TOASTS

LITTLE DEEDS

A toast to the little deeds
That stand in the way of strife;
How often the voice that pleads
May change the trend of a life.

Great deeds may seem so small
In the scales of the by and by;
While our little deeds may all
Seem great in the Master's eye.

He who hath gold alone,
Leaves all things when he dies.
But the poor, with deeds unknown,
Takes everything to the skies.

BUTTERED TOASTS

THE WIFE

Here's to the woman in whose eyes
My total world-investment lies:—
Whose face is ever fair to me,
No matter what her age may be:—
Her smile the sunshine of my life—
Companion, counsel, sweetheart, wife!

COURAGE

To Courage drink a rousing toast,
And leave the dregs to those who boast.
Brave deeds and kindly words we fling
Like pebbles out of David's sling;
So small, and yet they hit, somehow,
The brag Philistine in the brow.

AN END TO QUARRELS

Here's an end to all our quarrels!

Let us wash them down with wine—

If one can mend his morals

By the juices of the vine—

Gentle folk are never haughty;

Make your enemies your friends;

It is childish to be naughty;

Quarrels pay no dividends!

BUTTERED TOASTS

THE MAN OF LEISURE

To the man of leisure this toast I give:—
Here's a health to the one who takes time to
live!

Why should one hurry to get ahead?
The more you worry the sooner you're dead!
You pay too dear for the time you save—
A fool makes haste on his way to the grave!

BUTTERED TOASTS

TO WOMAN

The joy of life is woman's love;
 She's there when you begin it!
Her tender thought and cheery smile
 Are with you every minute!
There's naught in life that's worth the while
 Without a woman in it!

BUTTERED TOASTS

TO YOUTH

Here's a toast to all youth,
From the vintage of truth:
Never marry a flirt,
That most skillful expert!
A disease of the head
That is vanity-bred;
And experience shows
That the malady grows!
Take a being whose worth
Shows the salt of the earth!

BUTTERED TOASTS

MY LADY LOVE'S EYES

Oh, such wonderful eyes has my lady love,
fair;
She winks with but one, though she looks with
a pair;
With her soul peeping out and my soul peep-
ing in,
And her two rosy lips 'twixt her nose and her
chin,
And her cheeks like ripe peaches a-blush in
the sun,
I am pleased with the work the Creator has
done!

BUTTERED TOASTS

A FAITHFUL FRIEND

A tried and faithful friend I toast:
The man I love and trust the most:—
He stands by me in calm or storm
His hand is firm, his heart is warm!
Like hickory, he will not break,
Though much he bend for friendship's sake.

THE LURE IN WOMAN'S EYES

We toast the lure in woman's eye
Of gray, or brown, or blue, or hazel,
Orbs that all mortal power defy!—
But underneath the septum nasal
Two rosy lips hold greater sway
Than any eye, and hold it stronger
With such a thrill we mortals pray
The service be a trifle longer.

THE MAN WHO LOOKS AHEAD

Here's to the man who looks ahead:—
Is careful what is done or said;
Brings no dishonor to his name;
Is never neighborly with shame;
Nor even lets a stranger see
How big a fool a man can be.

BUTTERED TOASTS

WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE

Here's health to the suffrage of woman!

Said Bidy, adjusting her hat:

I will make a superb politician

Because I can always stand Pat.

LIFE

Here's to life! 'Tis what you make it.

Some will fail where others thrive!

Set high your mark and don't forsake it;

Success is there when you arrive.

Some venture calls: Hope bids you take it;

What though you fail, you're still alive!—

If not—your hay, someone will rake it;

Some other bees buzz round your hive.

EYES AND LIPS

A toast to the rosy, enchanting lips
Dan Cupid cuts out with his arrow tips :
Which he in some fairy, unguent dips—
Then heals with the leaves of roses!

And one to those lustrous, luminous eyes—
Clear as the air where the eagle flies ;
Deep as the lake where his image lies!—
No wonder a man proposes.

BUTTERED TOASTS

RESPECT TO WOMAN

When the toasts go round, let a song be sung
To the man who will never permit his tongue
To smirch the name of woman!
Far better the brute
Whose tongue is mute
Than a sex-degrading human.

LAUGHTER

Here's one to hearty laughter!
That which expands the chest
And echoes from the rafter
A welcome to each guest!

Though Satan is a grafter,
He has no use on earth,
Nor in the great hereafter,
For laughter, song and mirth!

BUTTERED TOASTS

DON'T COMPLAIN

We toast the man who won't complain,
Nor kick about the frost nor rain;
Accepting things as God has sent 'em
Since He for some wise purpose meant 'em.
Those not complaining get, I'm sure,
Full ten degrees from the temperature!
Unless we're gentle as a primate
We'll not be pleased with heaven's climate—
 There's a reason!

BUTTERED TOASTS

A MAIDEN'S DON'TS

A toast for our beautiful maidens to ponder :
Don't marry a man whose affections will
wander !

Don't marry a cold-hearted mortal to warm
him ;

Nor marry a wayward young man to reform
him !

A good habit dies where a bad habit grows ;
If you can't mend his ways you'll be mending
his clothes !

Moral courage deserts the habitual drinker ;
A made-over man shows the marks of the
tinker !

Pray, marry a man who is that self-respecting
His character never will need disinfecting !

BUTTERED TOASTS

THE KISS

First to her glass she put her lips—
Said: "Here's a kiss to him who sips!"
My eager rival grabbed the glass,
While I, more eager, grabbed the lass:
And for reply her lips I pressed—
No phantom kiss will stand the test—
The good old-fashioned way's the best.

BUTTERED TOASTS

A THOUSANDAIRE

Here's happiness; on which we're bent;
So often due to sweet content.
Some long to be a Millionaire,
A Billionaire, a Trillionaire.
Since gold is not the sum of worth
I do not crave quite all the earth
But just enough, with railway fare,
To be esteemed a thousandaire.

BUTTERED TOASTS

THE MAN WHO LOVES HIS WIFE

Here's to the man who loves his wife :

 Upon whose name there is no cloud,
And who so moulds his daily life

 He makes his dear old mother proud,
And makes his children fonder still:—

 Whom children love, the angels will!

WORK

We toast the man who will not shirk
His honest toil, nor even flout it:
None but an ass will sneer and smirk
At labor, though he live without it:—
Some ancestor toils like a turk
To raise a snob; no chance to doubt it!—
The hardest part of any work
Comes when you stop and think about it.

BUTTERED TOASTS

PRIDE

Here's to the man who takes a pride
 In aiming at perfection;
Fair self-esteem is justified
 And makes for circumspection.
While some with pride so puff their hide,
They may not walk, but strut and stride;
Till one would think they had applied
 For special resurrection.

BUTTERED TOASTS

THIS BEAUTIFUL WORLD

A toast to this beautiful world we give,
So roomy and extensive:
A glorious place in which to live
If 'twere not so expensive.
But when we get to the other life
With nothing to spend nor keep,
With never a sweetheart, never a wife,
Won't living be awfully cheap?

THE PHYSICIAN

A health to that great soul who tends the sick:
The only one to help us when we're ill;
When home prescriptions fail we call him
 quick;
When he calls us we make him wait our will,
And practice Christian Science on his bill.

MEN OF WORTH

Not every meadow's worth the mowing:
But here's to all the men worth knowing
 With sentiment and brain
 And courage to maintain
Their stand in life and keep on going:
Virtues enough to make a showing;
 And make the proud wife thrill
 To be the sweetheart still
Of one whose love keeps on growing,
As rivers deepen with their flowing.

THE MAN WITH NOTHING TO DO

Pray how shall we toast the few

With nothing on earth to do?—

All those who have nothing to wish for,

 To fight or to hunt or to fish for,

 That would give them delight;

 Whose gorged appetite

No chef could concoct a new dish for.

BUTTERED TOASTS

THE GIRL WITH BEAUTIFUL EYES

Here's to the girl with those beautiful eyes,
With a hand and a foot of such exquisite size!

One rarely can tell
What's hidden so well—
Let the rest of her seem
Like a beautiful dream

For the glory of woman is under disguise.

BUTTERED TOASTS

A GOOD CIGAR

To all Bohemia near and far,
Here's friendship's toast in a good cigar!
There's no delight for which man yearns
Like the rosy light where the incense burns.
A bosom friend and fragrant weed,
In fellowship, make up the creed.
The cigar we cut, but never a friend;
We draw them both to the very end.
Of neither one can we decide
By the wrapper alone the worth inside.
We tuck them both against the heart;
From either one we're loth to part.
We help them out when in a box;
For both get bruised by the world's hard
knocks.

BUTTERED TOASTS

Both cheer with a genial glow, and yet
They soon go out—when we forget.

HELP THE MAN BEHIND

I drink to the highest type:
Not him with the utmost gold—
But the perfect man, full ripe,
With kindly deeds untold!
The noblest aim by far
Is to help improve mankind:
No matter how poor you are
You can help the man behind.

BUTTERED TOASTS

DISPOSITION

The good disposition I toast:
Wherever you find it
There's good blood behind it.
And peace that all mortals desire.
The bad disposition I roast:
You never can cure it,
You'll have to endure it;
'Tis worse than all Hades afire.

BUTTERED TOASTS

THE WOMAN RULES

After the world was made and time was taken
to cool it,

The Man o' the Moon looked down and saw
the woman rule it!

Though man asserts his will the earth keeps on
a-cooling

The Man o' the Moon looks down—The
Woman still is ruling.

THE COWBOY

Here's health to the cowboy, that peerless
rough-rider!

No hand can be quicker, no vision be wider.
Of the wild horse, the bronco, he only is
master;

No man can ride truer, nor longer, nor faster;
His welcome is Western—as broad as the
prairie!

His palm is not marked with the lines mer-
cenary!

No aim so unerring; no friendship is stronger!
Shall the West lose a type when he gallops no
longer.

BUTTERED TOASTS

THE BRIDE

With the wine of love we're mated;
And I'm love intoxicated

With this peerless bride of mine.

May I be a trouble chaser:—

Let no greater troubles face her

Than the bubbles in the wine.

BUTTERED TOASTS

IN PROSPEROUS TOWN

Here's luck to the man going up the hill!

While some will cheer the rest will
frown—

He's a better man than the one going
down,

Or even the man who is standing still:—

One is a verb, the other a noun—

To do is a verb! In Prosperous Town
All the noted men are three-fourths Will!

BUTTERED TOASTS

ECONOMY

A health to spenders in a clump:—
It makes the generous heart go thump
To fling out money in a lump;
But when 'tis gone, you get a bump,
 For with a jump
 You're up a stump.

While spending much you're called a trump;
With nothing left you're called a chump;
When you would drink, why, there's the
 pump—
Companions gone, you're on the dump,
 Or in the sump,
 Flat on the rump!

THE HOME

Here's to the home where you are treated
well!

Why should you growl and make of it a hell?
Go live with wolves who will not heed your
howling,

And leave your wife a dog to do the growling.

UNCLE SAM

How proud I am
Of Uncle Sam!
He's known to all creation,
As ruler of
The land I love,
This grand and mighty nation.
What though I brag
About the flag,
She well deserves renown;
No enemy
On land or sea
Has ever pulled her down.

STORM AND SUNSHINE

When Storm King frowns the world goes
black;

Mad lightnings rip the clouds to shreds!
Hoarse oaths are thundered in their track,
To rock the mountains in their beds!

But Nature tints the sunset sky,
And spreads the colors on the sea;
To bid me know, that by and by,
A rosy day shall dawn for me!

BUTTERED TOASTS

KIND WORDS

A thought well born will hardly live its day
Save by the kindly words that others say.
A babe may die that might with tender care
Have made a giant or a genius rare.

WHEN CUPID PLAYS THE CADDIE

When Cupid plays the Caddie
There wander to the links
A winsome lass and laddie,
At whom he smiles and blinks.
He cares not how they fozzle
Nor kiss at leading off ;
He makes them all bamboozle
In love's great game of golf.

BUTTERED TOASTS

THE HONEST MAN

In business, deal with honest men,
If so be you can find 'em:
When'er you dine with hungry wolves
Be sure to sit behind 'em!
An honest man's the noblest work
You'll find in life's long journey;
And yet, in every business deal,
Pray get a good attorney.

HOLDING HANDS

He gazed upon her tempting lips as though
he'd like to try 'em;

She surely was not using them and he was
there close by 'em;

He sent a wireless message to her pretty eyes
so blue:

"Please let me hold your hands awhile, they've
nothing else to do!"

BUTTERED TOASTS

THE SELF-MADE MAN

Here's to the one who rises
 Through the art of taking pains ;
By the genius of hard labor
 Or the effort of his brains.
'Tis far nobler to have risen
 From the bottom to the top
Than to show how far the greatness
 Of some ancestor can drop.

BUTTERED TOASTS

SLEEP

A toast to slumber deep,
Which every night we take:
This is the long, long sleep—
What errors mortals make—
The last is the shortest sleep
For instantly we wake!

BUTTERED TOASTS

THE WOMAN WHOSE HOUSE IS NEAT

All hail to the woman whose house is neat;
And the man with a conscience clean;
There is a home that is hard to beat,
Where the love-god sets his little bare feet
In the lap of the household queen.

FATHER TIME

Old Father Time was given wings;
A scythe to do the mowing;
With one he cuts down men and things;
With t'other keeps on going:—
That's why we try to make things whiz:
For this we must allow,
Though we have all the time there is—
We've got to use it now!

HOW MAN AND WOMAN WERE MADE

Man was made, so runs the story,
Crown of all creation's glory!
But woman—perfect thing of love—
Required an angel from above!
As guarantee that she would stay,
Kind nature plucked her wings away:
The dimples on her shoulder show
Where once the pinions used to grow.

BUTTERED TOASTS

THE RICH AND THE POOR

Here's a health to success! We are sure
None begrudges the wealth they secure;
There is plenty of room for the rich
Without crowding the poor in the ditch.

BUTTERED TOASTS

THE CIVIL ENGINEER

Take a bumper to him who remodels the
sphere;

To the man of construction—The great en-
gineer;

In the realm of the intellect he is a peer!

By his skill

He tunnels the mountain and bridges the
stream;

Into concrete and steel he has fashioned his
dream:

For man is a builder! His mind is supreme
As his will!

BUTTERED TOASTS

ON HIS KNEES

He was a man who was born to command;
As proud of his birth as a prince:
He got on his knees when he asked for my
hand;
I've been on his knees ever since.

BUTTERED TOASTS

THE TIRED MAN

Tired o' workin', tired o' restin',
Tired o' eatin' and digestin';
Tired o' bugs and flies infestin';
 Feelin' just a trifle blue!

Tired o' sleepin', tired o' wakin';
Tired o' fightin', tired o' fakin';
Tired o' losin', tired o' makin';
 What's a fellow goin' to do?

Tired o' listenin', tired o' talkin';
Tired o' ridin', tired o' walkin';
Like a horse gets tired o' balkin',
 Goes ahead and stops ag'in;
Tired o' standin', tired o' sittin';

BUTTERED TOASTS

Tired o' choppin' wood and splittin';
Tired o' beginnin', tired o' quittin';
 Nothin' ever seems to win!

Tired o' smokin', tired o' drinkin';
Tired o' guessin', tired o' thinkin';
Swellin' up with hope and shrinkin';—
 But the world keeps gettin' worse
Spite of all that I have striven—
All the free advice I've given;
But I ain't got tired o' livin',
 So you needn't call the hearse!

BUTTERED TOASTS

THE SMILE AND THE TEAR

A tender thought in warm emotion dressed
Outlives the laughter of the keener jest;
Who brings a smile can hardly get so near
The human heart, as one who brings a tear.

BUTTERED TOASTS

THE TILLER

Here's a toast to the man who tills—
Who the rain and the dew distills,
 Through the fruit of the vine
 Into Nature's wine,
Which the cup of friendship fills!

BUTTERED TOASTS

THE WIFE'S SHARE

I toast the man beyond compare—
Who gives his wife an equal share:

Who keeps in mind his altar vow:
“With all my goods I thee endow!”

With longer hours and harder work;
She will not grumble, will not shirk;

She earns her half, then give it to her—
See love grow stronger, quarrels fewer.

For every dollar you may spend
Just pay her coin for coin, my friend;

And soon 'twill dawn upon you, sir,

BUTTERED TOASTS

That all these years you've cheated her.

If there's a hell in after life

'Tis for the man who robs his wife!

BUTTERED TOASTS

CONCEIT

Some folks are so very conceited
They marvel that when they are bent
To acknowledge their Maker he doesn't
Return the compliment!

THE SOUL

Whenever a good man dies,
His soul looks back from the skies
And says: "Well, I declare!
Why on earth are they crying
Because of a mortal's dying?
And why do they take such care
 With a great to-do,
 And a hulla-balloo,
Over my old corpse down there?"

THE NATIVE DAUGHTER

Each pretty lass
Peeps through the glass
Of her imagination,
To find the youth
Worthy forsooth
Of her infatuation.

When we behold
The charming mold
Of each rare native daughter
We're forced to think,
While glasses clink,
Olympian gods have wrought her!

BUTTERED TOASTS

THE MAN WITH A NOTION

Here's to the man with a notion,
Who gives it his entire devotion!

He's helping to feed

The rest of his breed

When he sets an idea in motion!

OLD GLORY

Each star a nation grand and free,
Each stripe a bond of liberty;
Where'er it floats, on land or sea,
 It tells the self-same story—
No hand shall wield oppression's rod
Where Progress' gleaming feet have trod,
Where Justice rules, with Freedom's God
 Defending dear Old Glory.

BUTTERED TOASTS

THE MAN WITH GRIT

All hail to the man with grit
And lots of "get up and git"!
He may fall, but then,
He'll get up again!
He's too much of a man to quit.

BUTTERED TOASTS

THE LONG BEARD

All praise to him with shaven face
Or modest beard which leaves a trace
 Of features it may hide!
To such great length some whiskers grow
Their owners seem impressed to show
 With ostentatious pride—
That for one purpose man was reared:
To give nutrition to a beard,
 And later have it dyed.

WHAT WOMEN DO

What miracles good women do
Without a word of mention!
Whatever work a man pursue
He wants the world's attention!

No hen has ever had her due,
Even in good hen society:
She laid the eggs, but never crew
To get the notoriety.

BUTTERED TOASTS

THE PRUDENT MAN

We honor the man who is prudent;
Is gentle of speech and a student;
 Always straight like a pin
 With a point that sticks in,
Neither rusty, nor dull; with a well polished
 bar
And a head that prevents him from going too
 far.

BUTTERED TOASTS

TO CLIMB

Man learns to climb, not while he stops to
pray,
But through obstructions fate throws in his
way.

THE MINER

Here's to the man who digs his gold
And treasures rare that the earth may hold!
The world grows richer because he delves:—
Old Mother Earth says: Help yourselves!
Take all you find; find all you can;
But never rob your fellow man!

BUTTERED TOASTS

THE DOG

Here's to the dog that races the train:
Though he run his best it is all in vain!
Yet his little heart keeps throbbing within
With hope that some day he may win.

MUSCLE AND BRAIN

Some men of great muscle we know
Are champions of the ring:
But all of these men in a row
A gorilla might crush with a blow:—
We would make the gorilla our King—
But a builder of peaceful abodes,
That frail little man with a brain,
Has invented a toy that he loads,
A mechanical toy that explodes—
And the giant gorilla is slain!

THE WOMAN WHO NAGS

Love, honor and beauty to womankind;
With peace and plenty, and brilliant mind!—
And shame to the man whose devotion flags!
But the devil grab hold of the woman who
nags!

Old Satan knows well he would lose his hold
But for Mr. Grouch and Madam Scold.

THE PESSIMIST

Confusion to the hold-up man

And all his breed:

A brake upon the moving van;

A negative to every plan

By word and deed.

He sows no grain; he grinds no grist;

When death removes him from the list,

Progress has lost a pessimist

She did not heed.

BUTTERED TOASTS

THE OPTIMIST

Here's to the Optimist: royal good fellow;
Like the sun-tinted peach, he is juicy and
mellow.

He has ever a plan
For the blessing of man;
Though it often may seem
But a vision or dream,
'Tis as sweet to the ear as the sound of the
cello.

BUTTERED TOASTS

NOTHING IN VAIN

No humble roof was ever made in vain
That serves to shield a traveller from the rain ;
No leaf but was for some good purpose made
That o'er a sleeping baby casts a shade :—
There's nothing yet too small for man's respect
That sprang from out the Master's intellect.

BUTTERED TOASTS

A HUMAN PRAYER

May all the weary ones find rest,
 And those who mourn be comforted;
Those lonely be with friendship blest;
 And every hungry soul be fed.
Let those who toil have fair reward;
 All homeless ones get shelter kind;
God grant no task be made too hard;
 And may each prayer its heaven find.

BUTTERED TOASTS

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IF I SHOULD DIE TO-NIGHT

If I should die to-night
And you should come to my cold corpse and say,
Weeping and heartsick o'er my lifeless clay—
If I should die to-night
And you should come in deepest grief and woe
And say, "Here's that ten dollars that I owe"—
I might arise in my large white cravat
And say, "What's that?"

If I should die tonight
And you should come to my cold corpse and kneel,
Clasping my bier to show the grief you feel—
I say, if I should die to-night
And you should come to me, and there and then
Just even hint 'bout payin' me that ten,
I might arise the while;
But I'd drop dead again.

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